



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man"

FEEDING OUT ROOTS.

There is probably a greater crop of roots—such as turnips, rutabagas, carrots &c., raised in Maine during the present year, than for any one previous, for some time. These roots will be fed to cattle during the winter, and it may not be amiss to think over the best mode of doing this.

There are two modes generally adopted for doing this. The easy man chops up a pint or two every day with his jackknife or barn shovel, and throws them over to the cattle "hit or miss," and lets them eat them so. In the spring he looks at his cattle and says, I don't think roots are any "great shake" to feed cattle with. The careful man purchases a root cutter, passes them through it in sufficient quantity, to pass his bullock a full meal—sometimes, if he be extra careful, he cooks them and feeds them out in that way. In the spring he looks at his cattle and says, roots are excellent for cattle in the winter, but it requires a good many of them and a good deal of care in feeding them out. So does anything else. The question with him will next be, how can I economize the business so as to make the roots do the most good?

On this point many good farmers have often quibbled, and many experiments have been tried. We have found some thoughts and experiments upon this subject in a late English paper. Mr. Lawrence, of Cirencester, has made some experiments in feeding turnips to cattle in Winter. We will condense his observations for the benefit of our readers.

It seems, from his observations, that to give a bullock a full feed of roots alone, is not so good probably as well when the Williams will fail. Fruit of medium size, of fine quality, ripe very little later than the Williams.

RED ASTRACAN. An apple of rare beauty.—The tree is perfectly hardy, a very strong, thrifty grower, growing one of the handsomest trees in the nursery, bears very young, trees in the nursery two and three years from the bud frequently produce fruit. The flavor of the apple I do not consider of prime quality, but as a cooking apple, it is incomparable, nothing can equal it. It promises to be an enormous bearer. Ripe about the same time as the sweet bough.

EARLY JOE. Fructified this season for the first time. Not well enough tested to enable me to form an opinion of its merits. I think it may be put on the list of one that "promises well." Fruit of small size but of requisite flavor.

He then goes on to say:—"Now what is the object we propose to accomplish? It may be assumed for our present purpose we are dealing with animals at maturity in point of growth, that the skeleton is fully developed, and that we have only to accumulate flesh and fat. It must

ever be born in mind that it is not the quantity of food put in the stomach of the animal which

accomplishes the object in view, but that which is thoroughly digested and assimilated by the healthy action of the viscera. The setting before a bullock half a cwt. of roots the first thing in the morning, some hours afterwards its allowance of more solid and nutritious food, and repeating the feed of roots in the evening, appeared to me an irrational proceeding; and on the other hand, that a due mixture of the solid and fluid foods would probably aid the proper digestion of each. I resolved therefore to diminish the quantity of roots which I had generally heard recommended, on half viz.: from 700 lbs. to 800 lbs. per day, according to the size of the animal, and to give a portion of these with each feed, as intimately incorporated as might be practicable with the more solid food. With this view I obtained Moody's cutter, which cuts the roots into thin ribands, these we turn over amongst the chaff, so that the animals cannot avoid eating them together. I observed that the animals under the change to which I have adverted, thrived faster and were kept equally clean with one-third less litter, by weight than we had found necessary on the former mode of feeding.

For the Maine Farmer.

GREAT GROWTH OF PLUM SCIONS.

MR. EDITOR:—I have in my garden, the stock of a common horse plum tree, which was set two years ago last spring, the tree was of small size, when, last April, I cut the whole top off about four feet from the ground, it being at that point about an inch in diameter, and put in two scions of the green grape plum, the scions were small, say of the ordinary size, both scions lived and grew,—to day I measured the growth of the shoots, lateral branches and all, and found the aggregate length from one scion to be 252 inches, and from the other scion 150 inches, making in all both scions 334 feet, in length of growth in one season, and making a top quite as large in proportion as the stock, which must be five or six years old. If any one doubts the above story, I can prove it by my better half, who kept the figures while I measured.

WILLIAM Dyer.

Waterville, Sept. 17, 1855.

For the Maine Farmer.

CIDER MILL WANTED.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you inform me through your paper or otherwise, about a certain machine called a portable cider mill, I believe manufactured in New York, and where they can be bought, and the price, and you will oblige a friend.

S. K. W.

East Vassalboro, Sept. 7, 1855.

Note. There are several patented portable cider mills now in use in different states. One of them is "Emery's Cider Mill and Press," manufactured by Emery & Brothers, Albany, N. Y., and sold there for \$45. Another one is Culp's Portable Cider Mill and Press, sold by John F. Dair & Co., Cincinnati, for \$30. Another one is Chapin's the price of which we do not know. There are some others—but why not get one up yourself, Mr. S. K. W. Isn't there Yankee enough in you to do that

[Ed.]

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AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 27, 1855.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN

THE ELECTION.

We have now returns from all the places in this State, except two towns, and about ten plantations. The returns foot up as follows:—Morrill, 51,364; Wells, 48,152; Reed, 10,630. The members elect of the Legislature, are classified as follows, by the State of Maine. Senate, 15 democrats, 9 whigs, and 2 republicans; leaving 5 vacancies, of which 3 are in Penobscot, 1 in Piscataquis, and 1 in Aroostook. House, 68 democrats, 61 republicans, and 22 whigs.

With regard to the vote on the adoption of the constitutional amendments, the Age has returns as follows:—

Returns from 335 towns show a majority of about 4,000 in favor of the adoption of all the proposed constitutional amendments. The vote is very small, and so far as heard from, stands as follows:—

On the election by the people of Judges of Probate, Yes 14,593, No 10,013. Registers of Probate, Yes 14,191, No 10,013. Judges Municipal and Police Courts, Yes 13,512, No 9,936.

On the election of the Legislature of Land Agent, Yes 14,665, No 9,922.

Adjutant General, Yes 13,167, No 9,926.

Attorney General, Yes 13,191, No 9,981.

SHOWS AND FAIRS IN MAINE.

The following are the times and places, so far as we can ascertain, of the various Agricultural shows and fairs to be held in this State, the coming fall:—

State Fair, at Gardiner, Sept. 25, 26, 27 and 28.

West Penobscot, at East Corinth, Sept. 25.

So. Kennebec, at Gardiner, Oct. 16th, 17th and 18th.

York, at Saco, Oct. 3 and 4.

East Somerset, at Hartland Village, Oct. 3 and 4.

Androscoggin, at Lewiston, Oct. 3 and 4.

Fair, at Belfast, Oct. 10 and 11.

Yarmouth, 155 So. Gardiner, 20.

Freeport, 125 Kendalls' Mills, 110.

Oak Hill, 115 Waterville, 100.

Brunswick, 100 Winslow, 95.

Hardings', 100 Getchell's Corner, 70.

Bath, 100 Seven Mile Brook, 60.

Topsham, 100 Augusta, 25.

Rogers' Road, 90 Hallowell, 20.

A special train will leave Gardiner for Augusta, Waterville and Kendalls' Mills, on Wednesday, the 27th, and Thursday, the 27th, at 6 o'clock A. M.

N. B. Cattle and articles destined for the exhibition will be carried to Gardiner for full price, but returned free on presenting a certificate from the Society that it has been exhibited, and is not sold.

This arrangement was not effected until after we went to press, last week, which must account for its late appearance in our columns.

WELDING CAST IRON.

Notwithstanding the great length of time that mankind have had the use of iron, and however ingenious may be the known process of working it, there is much yet to be learned or discovered, in regard to many operations with it. Until recently, it was not known how melted iron could be cast upon cold iron, or steel, and be made to unite, so as to form one apparently compact mass. This, however, has been effected by Yankee ingenuity, and we see anvils, vises, and other tools made, a part of which is steel, and the remaining part cast iron. This makes a saving, and therefore, such articles can be obtained much cheaper than formerly.

The next step is the discovery of a process for welding cast iron, part to part, or a new part to an old one. This is very nearly allied to the process above named.

We find in the "Plough, Loom & Anvil," an account of this, the invention of which is attributed to Mr. Samuel Falkenburg, who is foreman, attached to the Susquehanna Machine shop of the New York & Erie R. R. We abridge the account of the process as follows:

Have a pattern made of the casting, to be supplied to another given casting. Then mould the casting with the use of the pattern to the imperfect piece. Instead of pouring the fused iron into the mould, and allowing it immediately to cool, the melted iron is allowed to escape by a prepared orifice—the pouring of the melted metal and its escape being continued—until the rough edge of the imperfect piece becomes fused by the heat of the passing melted iron, when the orifice by which the fused metal escapes is closed, the mould is filled, and the iron thus confined in contact with the melted edge of the unmetalled iron, gradually cools and becomes solid. When the sand is removed, the new part is found to be one with the old, the welding and the supplied part being perfect. Locomotive cylinders are thus repaired when one has been broken off.

In order to obviate the trouble of unequal shrinkage of the old and new parts, the old part is heated as much as possible before the new metal is poured in, and the contact of the melted iron while passing through the orifice, before being stopped, heats up the old part very much also. It is said that Mr. Falkenburg has not obtained a patent for this, but allows all to use it.

DON'T HANDLE MANY DOGS. Dr. Pineo of Quesch, Vt., reports a case of a family in the circuit of his practice, which were troubled with an eruptive disease, which though repeatedly cured, broke out again. It was finally ascertained that a pet dog which the children handled much, had the mange (*Scabies*), from which it was communicated to the children. The dog was killed, and the disease in the family cured permanently.

BEAUTIFUL PEARS. A small branch containing 25 beautiful and luscious Bartlett pears has been received from our worthy friend J. H. Hartwell, Esq., of this city. This tree was so prolific that some of the branches broke down with their load.

THE DESERTED WIFE. We have received the advertising sheets of this work, by the celebrated authoress Mrs. Southworth, from the publisher, T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. We shall notice it more at length, hereafter.

GOOD APPLES. A few days since, a friend brought us in a lot of fine apples, which disappeared "like dew before the sun." As we have forgotten the donor's name, we presume the devil swallowed that with his apples. He will consider himself heartily thanked by the members of the "Typos' Pomological Society."

REMOVAL. The American Sentinel, until recently published at Damariscotta, has been removed to Bath, and now hails from both places. We hope the publishers will find their change of locality beneficial.

PRESENTATION OF A TOWN HOUSE. We have received an account of the proceedings at a meeting of the citizens of Vienna, on the occasion of the presentation of a town-house, by one of the citizens of that town, which we will endeavor to find room for, in our next.

APPOINTMENT. The telegraph announces the appointment, by President Pierce, of Hon. Albert Pillsbury of this State as Consul at Halifax, vice R. U. Frazer, removed.

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AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY

NEWSPAPER.

DISASTERS ON THE LAKES.

THE CRESCENT CITY RUN AWAY. The Steamship Crescent City, which was taken to the quarantine yesterday morning by the city authorities, in consequence of having had yellow fever on board, ran from Staten Island during the afternoon, with passengers and freight for New Orleans and Havana.

On the 21st instant. It appears, went on board of the Crescent City at quarantine, about two o'clock, and told the pilot, the captain being absent, that he must not allow any person to pass to or from the vessel. He then left and went ashore. About an hour afterwards, two steam-tugs, one loaded with passengers and the other with freight, came from the city and hauled alongside the steamer, into which they discharged their cargoes. Suspecting that the steamer intended to sail in defiance of the quarantine laws, the Health Officer repaired to her this afternoon, with two of his men, and ordered the crew to remain on board. The steamer then came to anchor, and the Health Officer, with his men, went ashore, and secured the vessel.

On the 22d instant. The steamer was still at anchor, and the Health Officer, with his men, went ashore, and secured the vessel.

On the 23d instant. The steamer was still at anchor, and the Health Officer, with his men, went ashore, and secured the vessel.

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On the 1st instant. The steamer was still at anchor, and the Health Officer, with his men, went ashore, and secured the vessel.

On the 2d instant. The steamer was still at anchor, and the Health Officer, with his men, went ashore, and secured the vessel.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The Muse.

From Graham's Magazine.
THE FISHERMAN'S DREAM.

BY HENRY S. CORNWALL.

I heard the steps of midnight, sad and slow;
I heard the rustling of her dusky robe,
Like some lone queen, exiled and full of woe,
And weeping round the globe.

I heard the murmur of the falling streams
Far off and low, that drown a dreamy tune;
I heard down the purple Vale of Dreams,
Beneath the summer moon.

And trembling to my open casement, came
Sweeps of strange music, blown from off the sea.
Envoicing voices seemed to call my name,
And winds to talk to me.

O mortal toiles, come! they seem to say—
Lament no longer for thy sad estate.
Arise, and triu thy sail, and come away,
And triumph over fate.

Gay dwellers in the Happy Isles are we,
Who know not any care, by night or day.
Our home lies far upon the far-off sea;
Sad mortal, come away—

To tell all day beneath the orange trees,
Beside the noise of crystal spouting springs,
In spicy climes, with no remembrances
Of melancholy things.

Or else along white fields of murmuring foam,
To chase the creamy ripples as they run—
Away! away! a thousand miles from home,
And back before the sun.

Mrs. Blake stirred in her yeast with no dimi-
nation of ill-temper.

"Once for all, Rosa, I tell you, that it ain't modest, and I won't have it. You'll be the talk of the whole country round," said the mother.

Rosa stood with her hands on one end of the dough-trough, watching her mother's face with a mournful look in her sweet eyes, and then said, "Don't scold me to-night, please, dear mother," so sadly that Mrs. Blake suppressed what further she was going to say.

"In there anything I can help you do, mother?" asked the daughter, at last, glancing around the next kitchen.

"It's a pretty time to ask that, after all the work's done," grumbled Mrs. Blake, the daughter.

Rosa lighted her candle and went to her room. She saw the heavy cloud gathering, which, in her first happiness had seemed "no bigger than a man's hand," and as she knelt by her bed, the voiceless prayer that scarcely arched itself in words, was, that in no way might she fail in her duty. She sat at last from her kneeling position, put out the light and sat down by the window. On the piazza below she heard her father and Mark conversing in low voices. In vain she listened, that she might catch from the tone of either, something favorable to her hopes, and she leaned over the window-sill, gazing out on the dewy night that was bearing the perfume of June roses, and honeysuckles, and wall flowers, up to her chamber. At last the voices on the piazza ceased. She heard the hall door closed and locked, Anderson's step pass her room, and then Mr. Blake's slow, heavy tread up the staircase. She half arose from her seat, hoping that her father would come to her door to say a few encouraging words to her, but when she heard his own chamber door open, she sank back again with a sigh of disappointment. But over all this floated the thought, like a rose-colored cloud at sunset, "he loves me, he loves me." That sentence was the refrain of everything. And she buried her face in her pillow, as if to hide from the cold, pale moonlight the blushes of joy that were mantling her cheek, and the smile that parted her lips as she closed eyes in sleep, murmuring, "he loves me, he loves me."

Mr. Blake entered his room with a sigh. He took his key from his pocket, and proceeded slowly to wind up his high silver watch. With unusual deliberation he hung it on the nail by the looking-glass and as he gave the last twist to the black string, he said,

"Well, mother, the business is done."

"What business?" asked Mrs. Blake, who was laying comfortably in bed, watching her husband's movements.

"What business?" she resumed, finding he did not speak. "You don't mean to say, Sam,"

my Blake, that you are to let a man that's no better than a beggar, marry your daughter?"

and in her energy Mrs. Blake rose on her elbow, gave her soft pillow an energetic shake, and then plumped down into a fit of weeping.

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"Mark took his book out on the piazza to read till school-time, as was his custom; but he could not fix his attention upon it; and it dropped by his side in his reverie, from which he was aroused by Rosa's approach. The poor girl's eye's red and swollen with weeping.

"It is not wrong to speak to you this once, is it, Mark?" You know what my father and mother have said; but I wanted to tell you that you must always believe that I love you; though I can never marry you without they are willing," and she sank back again with a sigh of disappointment.

"Ask our Susan," said Rosa, for her natural spirits had somewhat revived since she found her father was inclined to protect her, and she thought she would have a chance of seeing Mark.

But Joe muttered between his teeth, "Darn Susan," and Mrs. Blake said, in a low voice, as she passed where Rosa was sitting, "Young lady, if you don't have yourself you'll stay at home."

So the huckleberry party was arranged to take place on the ensuing Thursday.

Mrs. Blake who prided herself on being the best cook and most notable housekeeper in the country, was determined not to be outdone in this respect. She had a real fine meal prepared for the party, and each fellow chose his girl, and there isn't one left."

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